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CLIFTON:

A POEM.

In Two CANTOS.

INCLUDING

BRISTOL and all its ENVIRONS.

By the late *HENRY JONES*,

AUTHOR of the EARL of ESSEX, ISLE of WIGHT, KEW-GARDENS, *&c.*

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

An ODE to *SHAKESPEAR*,

In HONOR of the JUBILEE.

WRITTEN BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

SECOND EDITION.

BRISTOL:

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CLIFTON.

CANTO I.

CLIFTON, rich ſource of *Heliconian* ſtream!
Thou teeming topic! and thou lofty theme!
Where art, where nature leads the ſoul along,
And taſte and commerce crown the copious ſong;
Where vaſt variety the heart expands,
And giving grandeur opens wide her hands;
With nature's nobleſt gifts regales the ſoul,
Each part a paradiſe—a heaven the whole!
Where health, where vigour quaffs the winnow'd air,
And drives far off the ugly fiend, *Deſpair*.

My muſe, O Clifton! would thy ſummits climb,
And hand thy beauties down to lateſt time;

To ages yet unborn thy charms diſplay,
In numbers laſting as the lamp of day;
Would *Inſpiration* prompt my proud deſire,
The ſong and ſubject ſhould at once expire.

How epic wonders here the ſoul delight!
There, diſtant beauties ſtrain th' impaſſion'd ſight;
See rocks coeval with the world ariſe,
Whoſe cloud-ſwept groves ſeem waving in the ſkies;
By ages furrow'd deep, with time-plow'd mien,
With adverſe frowns, with fractur'd foreheads ſeen,
Whilſt *Neptune* rolls his rapid tides between.
See *Wealth* quick flying in the freighted gale,
See Eaſt, ſee Weſt expand th' impatient ſail;
Here earth, here ocean, mountains, rocks unite,
And in harmonious diſcord give delight;
There, princely piles in claſſic taſte expreſs'd,
In *Grecian* garb, in *Roman* grandeur dreſs'd,
A line of palaces o'erlook the town,
That with a jealous pride the proſpect crown:
On different heights they ſtand in ſtately ſtrife,
Like rank and dignity in moral life:

In various climax court th' attracted eyes,
The objects changing as the ſtructures riſe:
From pile to pile a proſpect new appears,
And now the hills and now the river cheers.
See num'rous ſhips with ſudden glance ſhoot by,
The ſails and ſtreamers only ſtrike the eye:
Between th' embracing banks, for ever green,
They ſeem to move on land, their bulk unſeen;
By glad propitious gales impatient blown,
With rapid ſpeed and motion not their own,
See next a * ſteeple on yon hill appear,
Yon diſtant hill, the *Proteus* of the year;
From whoſe oft-changing look, the watchful ſwain
Foretells the weather, and avoids the rain.
The blue ætherial hills ſee laſt upriſe,
In azure robe to meet the bending ſkies.
Here pendent gardens with rich fruits appear,
The rip'ning bounty of the laviſh year.
The temple rais'd above the group ſee ſway,
And all th' extended various view ſurvey.
Divine ambition in the choice is found,
Nay taſte itſelf mark'd out the ſacred ground;

* *Dundry.*

With holy pride the lofty ſeat to ſhew,
And reign exulting o'er the world below;
Where ſome on others look with ſcornful phlegm,
Whilſt others look with equal ſcorn on them;
With mole-hill malice daſh the cup of life,
An inch in difference makes the mountain ſtrife:
From proud compariſon we quaff our all,
That ſource of human ſweets, or human gall:
At which the reſtleſs ſoul impatient pants,
Begets her anguiſh, and creates her wants.
Oh frantic fallacy! oh brain-ſick need!
Shall thy ſleek beaver make my boſom bleed?
Thy better buckled belt make me repine,
Or if thy nails be cloſer cut than mine?
Shall I my lips with inward anguiſh bite,
If thy black kitten's tail be tipt with white?
Or if thy leeks than mine ſhould greener grow,
And make thy fancied bliſs, my REAL woe?
Envy in courts and cottages will dwell,
Nay climb to heaven itſelf, tho' born in hell:
In every living boſom lurks this peſt,
But reigns unrival'd in the human breaſt;

On reaſon's throne uſurps a thorny part,
And plants a thouſand daggers in the heart.

THE moral here and natural world we ſee,
In wiſe gradation, and in juſt degree:
Where all conſtructed for one ſyſtem's ſake,
A happy, heterogeneous proſpect make:
Where reaſon's ſcale from claſs to claſs can fall,
And meaſure equal bounty dealt to all;
Each lot can juſtly prize, in fortune's wheel,
But not from what we have, but what we feel.

FROM moral ſtrains, let my glad numbers ſoar,
And yon coincidence with ſpeed explore:
Where ſtrong extremes produce a ſtriking taſte,
A *Gothic* building by a *Greek* embrac'd:
In contraſt kind, the feaſted eye to fill,
And mark the ſummit of the ſocial hill:
Where *Goldney* acts the meek, the moral part,
And daily works new miracles of art.
Where he like *Moſes* makes the water flow,
His gold the rock obeys, but not his blow:

His gold, that conquers nature's hardeſt laws,
And fountains from the rocky center draws:
His well-ſpent gold a two-fold tranſport gives,
The garden gladdens, and the labourer lives.
Such toils refreſh at once the heart and head,
Give taſte a banquet, and the ruſtic bread:
Make nature wonder at her thin-wove maſk,
And truth ſurvey her own tranſparent taſk.
The maſter's pleaſure with th' improvement grows,
In all the rapture, that a parent knows:
When wiſe diſcretion weighs th' unerring coin,
And makes his pleaſure with his prudence join.
Then ſweet ambition bids the heart begin,
For genius feels a paradiſe within:
And tho' at firſt her taſk may ſeem too hard,
The accompliſh'd wonder is its own reward.
Then fancy triumphs, when by judgment led,
And wears the well-earn'd wreath around her head:
Without a bluſh her own bright work ſurveys,
Improves the rapture, and enjoys the praiſe:
A new creation lifts the admiring lid,
Here nature looks abroad, here art lies hid:

O'er the grand form her mantle meek ſhe flings,
But ornaments are arbitrary things:
Yet even there ſhould fancy never ſtray,
From nature's path, or ſeek a wiſer way;
Art is but nature in her beſt array.
With ſimple elegance ſhe ſmiling ſtands,
In blameleſs garb, put on by *Goldney*'s hands:
Him genius taught the taſteful eye to cheer,
With ſober judgment whiſpering in his ear:
As wiſe diſcretion rules the realms of wit,
The happy medium here, he happy hit;
Where each bright incident performs its part,
With inward rapture melts the maſter's heart;
And each congenial gueſt with joy invades,
The fountains, grottos, and the clear caſcades;
The tall parterres that lift the comely face,
And yield at once ſuch majeſty and grace,
With ev'ry growing beauty in its place.
A minor *Stow* on *Clifton*'s crown we find,
In *Epic* meekneſs, like its maſter's mind.

HERE buildings boaſt a robe, tho' rich yet chaſte,
The robe of judgment, and of ripen'd taſte:

Convenience here is mix'd with manly grace,
Yet ornament but holds the ſecond place.
To human frames theſe ſtructures ſeem akin,
With aſpect fair, while reaſon rules within.
Theſe domes diſcretion decks and fancy cheers,
Palladio's ſtile in *Patty*'s plans appears:
Himſelf a maſter with the firſt to ſtand,
For *Clifton* owes her beauties to his hand.

HENCE to the vale, by mountain rocks ſecur'd,
By nature's own immortal hand immur'd,
The vale, where ſkreen'd *Avona* ſinks and ſwells,
That warping leads me to the hallow'd *Wells*,
I wander joyful, with unbounded glee,
From all I raptur'd hear, and raptured ſee:
To where ſweet health her far-ſought balm beſtows,
And beauty with re-kindled fervor glows.
Above this fountain of ſupreme delight,
Two ponderous rocks ſurprize and pleaſe the ſight:
With bending brows of nearer terms they treat,
Thro' countleſs ages eſſay'd oft to meet;
With grey addreſs the tedious courtſhip con,
And wiſh the aerial arch would make them one:

The nuptial bridge ſublime their brows would join,
Whilſt *Europe* wonder'd at the work divine.
Blenheim ſhould bluſh, tho' high her concave ſwells,
Nay *Venice* veil her bonnet to the *Wells*:
Her proud *Rialto* ſhould no more appear,
But *France* and *Italy* come crowding here;
Can then ambition ſleep when GLORY calls,
The MUSE herſelf ſhall help to raiſe the walls;
With *Orphean* ſounds the work divine advance,
And make the willing ſtones in order dance;
Expand the joy-touch'd heart, enlarge the mind,
And * *Lacy* leave one wonder more behind:
The groves on high their frequent nod beſtow,
And earth and water give conſent below;
Whilſt ART ſtands ready with impatient hands,
But gold, demurring gold forbids the bands;
That ſcrupulous wight, whom lock'd-up ſouls adore,
He liſtens not, alas! to amorous lore,
Who many a noble match hath marr'd before.

* *James Lacy*, Eſq; the Deſigner of Ranelagh-Houſe was conſulted on the Project of building a Bridge from Rock to Rock.

THE walks ſee full, ſee health diſcloſe her hive,
Whilſt all the neighbouring objects ſeem alive;
See bounty there her healing ſtore unlocks,
Breathes all her vital veins, her genial rocks,
Diſtill'd by nature in her richeſt cell,
Where health ſits brooding, and her offspring dwell;
With heaven in council deep, for mortal weal,
Where angels blend the balm, and bid it heal;
There love and beauty revel in the tide,
There grace and vigour wanton at their ſide;
That with more luſtre make glad beauty glow,
Than all the diamonds orient realms beſtow;
The cheek to vermil, and relume the eye,
And make diſeaſe that pallid fantom fly
From all his windings in the nerves and limbs,
When thro' the laxed tubes he lazy ſwims,
The ſizy, creeping, tardy, torpid flood,
That long in heſitating lakes hath ſtood
With loaded bane to blaſt the balmy blood,
With pining atrophy, and ſpitting gore,
And all the waſtings of the vital ſtore;
With diabetes and its irkſome train,
And life-conſuming dews, and mental pain.

Here health expels diſeaſe, that deep-hid mole,
Winds up the body, and lets looſe the ſoul,
Calls virtue home, with health, in exile ſtill,
Revives th' affections, and awakes the will,
Bids love and friendſhip in the boſom play,
And drives each dark diſſocial cloud away.

HERE art and nature lift the patient up,
When learned * * guides the healing cup,
The lenient friend can ſmiling health reſtore,
When leeches frown, and cordials cure no more;
Would his lov'd *Bath* permit him oft to roam,
And make the wiſhing *Wells* his happy home;
With **'s balm his healing ſtores to blend,
And be to virtue, health, and each a friend;
Then virtue, health, their own glad growth ſhould ſee,
And like their friendſhips and their art agree.

HAIL, health! thou harmony of parts and whole,
Thou ſweet conſent of body and of ſoul,
Who makes thy citadel the central heart,
And ſends rich ſuccours thence to every part;

Thro' aiding arteries, and vivid veins,
Thy virtue quickens, and thy vigour reigns;
The ſmalleſt parts remote they glad conſole,
The ſmalleſt parts return thee to the whole;
Thee, goddeſs, thee the grateful muſe would ſing,
And dip her deep in thy *Caſtalian* ſpring:
Hail, thou fountain fair, inſpiring health,
Thou ſoul of rapture, and of reaſon's wealth;
Thou pureſt bliſs, with leaſt of life's alloy,
Content and thee, the crown of ev'ry joy;
If thou art abſent, gold but grieves the more,
And kings look up with envy at the poor;
The ſcepter ſickens, at the healthful ſpade,
And GOD maintains the equal law he made;
At *Clifton* long the languid ſpirit cheer,
And ſend thy vital cordials far and near,
And call from either pole the patient here.

THE feſtive rooms their aiding balm beſtow,
When muſic mingles with thy vital glow,
And dancing kindles up the lamp of joy,
Where care muſt never peep, nor pain annoy.

The ecchoing rooms, to grand proportion true,
The ſelf-begetting ſounds, the charming view,
The converſe glowing, and the melting glance
Thro' all the mazes of th' inſpiring dance,
Bid joy and vigour in the viſage blend,
And love and friendſhip in the ſoul contend.

THEE, *Lyſagbt*, lovely as the ſummer roſe,
On whom, in vain, the breath of envy blows;
Thee, *Lyſagbt*, thee, the muſe would juſtly praiſe,
On that high theme would fain exalt her lays:
Thy beauty riſes like the riſing day,
And drives the clouds of malice far away;
The ſhafts of rancour at thy feet ſee fall,
Thy beauty blunts, thy virtue ſpurns them all:
Victorious in thy march, triumphant move,
Arm'd by each grace, each virtue, and each love;
Theſe inmates firm, theſe bright, theſe ſtrong allies,
Reign in thy ſoul, and conquer in thy eyes:
The muſe ambitious would exalt her fame,
And graft her lawrel on thy envy'd name.

THERE *Murray* ſhines, that *Caledonian* ſtar,
In her illuſtrious ſphere belov'd from far;
She glads the glowing heart, ſhe charms the eye,
Like *Venus* winding in her orb on high.

Laroche, diſtinguiſh'd in th' inchanting maze,
With eaſe, with beauty, born to melt and raiſe
The gazer's tranſport, and the poet's praiſe;
Briſtol in her may boaſt a nymph divine,
And let the offer'd incenſe now be mine.

SWEET *Moſely* there adorns the brilliant band,
By graces molded, and by beauty's hand:
The finiſh'd frame a faultleſs ſhape can ſhew,
A face unhurt by beauty's greateſt foe;
With tender hand he touch'd her radiant cheek,
Aw'd by her air divine, her preſence meek;
His viſit ſcarce the lovely virgin felt,
Her virtues made the tyrant's rage to melt,
He durſt not hurt the ſhrine where angels dwelt.
Such *beauties*, health, are here thy ſweet allies,
They charm at once the heart, the ears, the eyes.

Th' adjacent ſquares beſtow their ſheltering ſtate,
With proud urbanity they willing wait,
Like city ſheriffs at St. *James*'s gate.

Ascend, my muſe, on eagle pinions riſe,
Wheel round the broad expanſe, the joyful ſkies,
Survey th' enormous rocks, that high hang o'er,
The frighted billows, and the ſounding ſhore,
And all the proſpect on the wing explore.
Let all the landſkip in my fancy live,
And numbers equal to the ſubject give;
On proud excurſion wider ſtretch the wing,
And gather graces that at diſtance ſpring;
With richeſt fragrance make the wreath complete,
And lay it breathing, down at *Berkley*'s feet.
Will he adopt the well-intended lays,
To *Berkley* ſacred, and to virtue's praiſe?
Will *Berkley* lend the muſe his powerful aid,
And graft her lays beneath his ſheltering ſhade,
With foſtering influence lift her laurel high,
From that illuſtrious ſtem to reach the ſky?

WHAT lofty manſion ſudden ſtrikes the ſight!
With awful grandeur, and ſerene delight,
With princely air that lifts the head on high,
And reigns unrival'd o'er the heart and eye:
Whoſe candid mien, with manly welcome chears,
Whilſt all the * motto in the pile appears.
Another *Windſor* crowns th' exalted hill,
O'erwhelms the fancy, and abſorbs the will,
With true magnificence elates the mind,
By time made awful, and by taſte refin'd.

THEE, *Stoke!* th' ambitious muſe, ſincere would ſing,
To *Berkley*'s high domain her tribute bring;
His *titled name* for numbers is too hard,
The *patriot*, not the *peer*, excites the bard.
True *Britiſh* worth the honeſt muſe would praiſe,
True *Britiſh* worth, not rank, deſerves her lays.
Tho' honour's ſtamp, firſt minted for the beſt,
Is oft on droſs, as well as gold impreſs'd;
In him the rank and ſterling worth accord,
Intrinſic worth for once hath made a *lord*.

* *Mihi Vobiſque.*

The *inſignia* there let ſharpeſt malice ſcan,
The *title* owes its value to the *man:*
True worth, and long roll'd down, his claim makes good,
Ennobled by his own and *Beaufort*'s blood.

SEE, ſee, what ſenſe, what taſte with truth abound,
In every ſtately groupe and grove around,
With unaffected air and caſual glance,
That look like nature, led by happy chance:
Where *art* ſeems vaniſh'd from the *Epic* ſpace,
But leaves behind, her ſimple robe her grace;
In meek diſguiſe, ſo rich and yet ſo plain,
O'erlook'd and loſt in nature's nobler train:
To dreſs her miſtreſs out, is all her part,
With pure ſimplicity and ſparing art,
To give, not hide her, from the head and heart.

BEHOLD the goddeſs ſtretch her lawful reign,
With poliſh'd ſcepter, o'er the hills and plain,
O'er the tall terrace and the vales preſide,
Her ſcope magnificence, good-ſenſe her guide;

With eaſy grandeur and untechnic mien,
In form a wood-nymph, but in ſtate a queen.
How graceful there the gradual ſlopes incline!
Like bowing kings, or beauty's bending line:
There, *Phœbus* ſelf from hill to hill might rove,
Might wake with heav'nly harp the vocal grove,
And *Juno* make the vale her rich alcove:
Such keeping there, ſuch contraſt bold we ſee,
There beauties differ moſt, there moſt agree.
With thee, lov'd *Stoke!* what rival can compare?
A country, not a garden ſtrikes us there,
With native charms thy continent regales,
With more true grandeur than at proud *Verſailles*;
Where *fiction* nature's loaded face belies,
With arbitrary maſks, and falſe diſguiſe;
Where ſimple *truth*, the child of guided chance,
Is loſt in marvellous and vain romance:
There, magic miracles obedient ſtand,
As when ſome wizard waves his potent wand
With ſtroke aſtoniſhing makes wonder ſtare,
For *Truth* and *Nature* have no buſineſs there.

At *Stoke*, correct, ſee ſymbols lift you, like
True claſſic epithets, that ſtrongly ſtrike
A manly character, and meaning round,
That mark and ſanctify the ſtory'd ground.
An awful veſtige, reverend made by years,
A ruin there its ſhatter'd head uprears,
By taſte imagin'd, with a moral eye,
Lo! there the *Pyramid* invades the ſky:
Whilſt heart-felt ornaments regale above,
The fragrant green-houſe and the genial grove,
By nature helmed with a gothic roof,
To ward the ſun, in beauty's bright behoof,
And hold the rude inſulting ſtorms aloof.

See, prudence here and pleaſure hand in hand,
Walk o'er the living lawns and fertile land:
The vallies rich, ſee, ſtock'd with ſtately ſteers,
Who look at diſtance like incamped deers:
Who grouping gaze among the vales and wood,
As erſt the ſpeckled long-neck'd nations ſtood,
For private ornament and public good.

Would gold and grandeur lift the lordly mind,
To wed with wealth the *love of human-kind*;
Would *Britain* copy *Berkley*'s noble plan,
That friend to *genius*, and that friend to *man*:
Then *title* ſhould unenvied honours ſpread
Around th' applauded patriot's ſacred head;
The *arts* ſhould flouriſh, and the poor have bread.

End of the firſt Canto.

CLIFTON.

CANTO II.

AGAIN, the muſe attempts her towering flight,
To virtue ſacred, and to pure delight;
Where wide variety the ſoul expands,
Exalts the fancy, and the heart commands;
From ſcene, to ſcene, on raptur'd wing would rove,
Like *Maia*'s offspring, or the bird of *Jove*;
Enjoy the beauties that ſerene abound
With graceful forms, above, below, around;
The whole horizon, fill'd through every part
With nature's wonders, and thy wonders, art!
Where both excel, where both ambitious vie
To charm the fancy, and to feaſt the eye.

King's-weſton there, delightful various ſcene!
The muſe enjoys, and reigns a raptur'd queen!
With throbbing boſom, and extatic eye,
O'er all the ſubject, ocean, hills and ſky,
The faint perſpective, and the dying view,
The boundleſs plan to juſt proportion true,
Where each bright beauty ſpreads its tints abroad
In all the ſplendors of thy pencil, *Claude!*
Where parts, on parts, reflect a lucid ray,
That all the luſtre of the whole diſplay;
Where harmony her happy order ſhews,
In all the art that on the canvaſs glows;
The plaſtic picture ſtrikes th' aſtoniſh'd mind,
The ſhips in proſpect, and the hills behind;
The woods, the mountains at due diſtance riſe,
In perfect uniſon with ſea and ſkies!
There light and ſhade their wond'rous ſtrength impart,
There nature ſeems to take the hint from art.

THE vale incult, by random robe ſee grac'd,
With *Southwell* ſoaring to the mark of taſte;

Whoſe claſſic eye each erring ſtroke ſhall ſcan,
Reform the model, and improve the plan;
To ſimple majeſty reduce the pile,
And bid diſcretion through the garden ſmile;
Make truth and unity in all combine,
And taſte and judgment crown the clear deſign;
Unnumber'd beauties thence attract the ſoul,
That ſeem expanded to the diſtant pole;
The outline endleſs, charms th' inſatiate eyes,
Within that trait ten thouſand beauties riſe,
With incidents above *Salvator*'s hand,
Of ocean, air, of foreſt, ſky, and land.

THEE, *Blaxwood*, next ſhalt in my verſe appear,
In all the mantles of the various year,
At once invelop'd, and forever dreſt,
Her winter, vernal, and autumnal veſt.
Thee, proud aſſemblage of great nature's ſkill,
Where rock and cave, and wood, and vale, and hill,
In congregated awful groupes, unite,
That yield at once both terror and delight;

A lovely lawn, that ſpreads both far and wide,
Where thin-ſprung trees expand their ſtately pride,
Invites the eye with hoſpitable air;
There ſpring exults, and ſummer loiters there;
Thence to a ſounding gloomy vale we walk,
Where ecchos to reſponſive ecchos talk;
A deep-hid gurgling noiſe the ear invades,
From craggy falls, and murmuring caſcades,
With vocal ſtreams inviſible that glide,
Where jealous ſhades the hoarſe muſicians hide,
By nature taught to pour her notes along,
In ſounds ſonorous, and in lofty ſong,
That all th' aſpiring theatre can fill,
The ſounds ſonorous toſs from hill to hill.
Now up the walk we tread with ſlow aſcent,
The rocky walk from nature's bowels rent,
With ſtory'd climax through the vale aſcends,
And here and there the viſual ray extends,
Lets in the object that at diſtance grows,
And now a wood, and now a villa ſhews
In contraſt ſtrong, and high oppoſing pride,
The theatre ſtill travels by its ſide,

With hoary verdure o'er the vocal brooks,
And on the naked rock diſdainful looks:
From ſtage, to ſtage, we pauſing win our way,
The twilight brightens, and diſcloſes day,
By juſt degrees revealing wood and lawn,
And riſes radiant, like the riſing dawn:
A ſhining viſion, ſtretching far and nigh,
With ſudden blaze devellops earth and ſky,
Relieves the fancy and inchants the eye.
Here *Farr* with inbred rapture may reſort,
And ſee his ſhips glad ſailing into port,
With *Indian* treaſures on the current ride,
To crown the proſpect, and enrich the tide:
What nameleſs raptures muſt his joys renew,
With growing taſte at once, and wealth, in view;
The harbour, ſhips, the ſea, the mountains ſhine,
With inſtant luſtre, and with ray divine;
Lo, *Southwell*'s landſkip, happy *Farr*, is thine!
There on the right a *Roman* camp we find,
Left by the lords and maſters of mankind;
Where coins and medals narrative are found,
Thoſe ſtory'd regiſters from under ground.

A moral lecture to the mind convey;
The *Latian* glories, in their laſt decay,
May mad ambition's frantic boaſt deride,
And human vanity, and human pride:
From hence, kind nature opens wide her arms,
Her pictures raviſh, and her proſpect charms;
From hence, the ſated ſoul forbids the ſight,
O'ercome, and fill'd with ſurfeits of delight.
Where erſt the *Roman* eagles wav'd in air,
Behold a peaceful growing pile appear,
For friendly banquet, in a *Gothic* guiſe,
From forth the center of the camp ariſe;
Which ſhall each ſenſe with each regale ſupply,
But feaſt for ever the inſatiate eye;
Thence down a vegetable arch we ſtray,
A growing gallery, with winding way,
Where lovely labyrinths in mazes run,
To the ſweet ruſtic lawn where we begun:
There *Farr* with willing heart can frequent blend
The connoiſſeur, the merchant, and the friend;
At the rich genial board in each can ſhine,
And make his converſe lively as his wine;

His three years toil with happy eye may view,
And joyful gueſs what three years more can do.
His lov'd *Lucinda* in her orb can charm,
Her ſmile can gladden, and her muſic warm;
From forth the anſwering keys her fingers call
The ſoul of harmony, that joy of all;
Her meaſures, like her mind, are fill'd with grace,
In ſounds you hear, you ſee it in her face.

To *Tyndall* next the muſe her lyre ſhall ſound,
To *Draper* brave, by both *Minervas* crown'd;
Athwart the down, ſhe waves once more the wing,
Her much-lov'd *Clifton*'s praiſe, once more would ſing;
It's various beauties and it's lofty ſtate,
With all the villas that it's levee wait;
Where *Tyndall*'s ſtands above th' alternate flood,
In peaceful pomp array'd, belov'd and good,
Was once the mark of diſcord and of blood;
Of civil blood, when bold rebellion reign'd,
And nature's boſom with her vitals ſtain'd;
A royal fort upon that ſpot uproſe,
Which thunder'd ſtrong on freedom's fatal foes;

When fell fanatic fury tore the land,
And wrench'd the ſcepter, *Charles*, from thy juſt hand:
Oh, days accurs'd! may they return no more,
With crimes all ſpotted, and with kindred gore;
Let loyalty long flouriſh, peace prevail;
And *George* and juſtice poize th' unerring ſcale;
Let commerce roll; let *Britain*'s trident grow,
Her matchleſs thunder blaſt the foreign foe,
Whilſt each firm heart ſhall firmeſt aid afford,
Like *Tyndall*'s treaſures, and like *Draper*'s ſword;
Who here high bleſt with retroſpect ſerene,
Enjoys his two-fold wreath forever green.

See *Redland* riſing in harmonious ſcale;
There order, taſte, there truth and grace prevail:
A plan ſo pure might *Stanhope*'s eye delight,
Where genius, art, where *Greece* and *Rome* unite;
Correct and finiſh'd, in proportion true,
To feaſt the judgment, and to charm the view,
The fair domain, the garden, and the grove,
Are made for wiſdom's walk, are made for love.

A beauteous pile, ſee, built for ſoul ſent pray'r,
There ſaints might kneel, and angels offer there.

Lo, *Kingsdown* next, I view with heart elate,
And *Reeve*'s at diſtance on the city wait;
With beauties diff'rent as their diff'rent place,
Like courtly dames their awful queen they grace:
There *Rake* ſupplies with ready hand the bowl,
Who gives the banquet, when he gives his ſoul.
Unnumber'd charms the city ſides ſurround,
Lo! *Briſtol* ſhines, by art and nature crown'd;
Thee, *Briſtol*, thee th' elated muſe ſhall praiſe,
And bind thy forehead with unfading bays,
Thee, mart of commerce, and of rip'ning taſte,
By manners poliſh'd, and by wealth increas'd;
Extended nobly with becoming pride,
With ſtreets, with palaces both far and wide
Supreme adorn'd, with fanes that lofty ſwell,
Where ſanctity may ſoar, and ſeraphs dwell;
Where holineſs in beauty's ray may ſhine,
And purity proclaim the ſpace divine;

Thy rich *Cathedral* fills th' expanded mind,
With *Redcliff* faireſt of the *Gothic* kind;
To *Mary*'s fane the muſe would frequent climb,
The ſtation lofty as the form ſublime;
See, both magnificent, with reverend mien;
See, both imbelliſh'd with a graceful green;
With copious courts, and porticos of ſtate,
With awful air, and ever opening gate;
Frequent and full, where fervor lifts the voice,
And high hoſannahs make the heart rejoice;
Where piety on angel pinion ſprings,
With faith to heaven, with loyalty to kings.
From pile to pile the raptur'd muſe would range,
And pitch triumphant on the proud *Exchange*;——
Important dome, that traffic's eye conſoles,
That graſps with wide embrace th' extended poles;
Thou vital ventricle, whence commerce flows,
Where ſtrength and wealth, and warmeſt friendſhip glows;
Thy guſhing bounty *Britain*'s monarch greets,
His dreaded armies, and his matchleſs fleets,
Thy circulating ſwelling ſtreams ſuſtain,
His ſtrength on land, his empire on the main.

Thou, ſecond ſource of *George*'s ſpreading fame;
Avona next to *Thames* ſupports his claim:
Next to *Auguſta* ſhall thy column riſe,
That nobleſt aggregate beneath the ſkies!
Thou, ſource of public and of private joys,
That all the monarch and the man employs:
Each rank, each order, muſt thy influence own,
From toiling ſlaves to kings upon the throne.
Hail, commerce, hail! thou gate of ev'ry good,
Who ſwells triumphant, like thy trading flood;
Thy precious ſtores in countleſs value riſe,
They make us virtuous, and they make us wiſe;
They ſtretch out friendſhip's facil hand divine,
To where new ſtars and conſtellations ſhine;
On t'other ſide the globe exchange the ſoul,
And form ſalubrious leagues beneath the pole;
Thy means ſtill equal to the glorious end,
Make life a comfort, and make man a friend;
Bring home each cordial to the heart and head,
By goodneſs guided, and by wiſdom led;
The ſoul to ſoften, and enlarge the mind,
Make man to man in ſocial office kind;

Mix ſweet compaſſion with the toils of gain,
And all the wants of ſinking life ſuſtain.

Liſt up infirmity with potent hand,
And draw down bleſſings on a grateful land:
Bright angel, charity, whom heaven loves moſt,
Thou crown of man, and *Briſtol*'s glorious boaſt;
In her rich boſom reſt thy radiant head,
Her ſick have ſolace, and her poor have bread:
In her rich heart thy vivid virtue glows,
To ſooth affliction, and to ſoften woes.
The alms-houſe here, the lame, the blind ſupplies;
And there the hoſpitals propitious riſe;
The ſick, the wounded, there forget their ſmart:
Thy hand auxiliar to the hand of art,
Removes each malady, makes anguiſh ſmile,
Whilſt gracious heaven, well pleas'd, looks down the while,
In ſhowers of bleſſings thy oblation pays,
Whilſt ſoaring ſeraphs ſound thy ſacred praiſe.
Here feſtive mirth at thy glad ſhrine we ſee;
Here public banquets are but boons to thee.
Devotion here invites the ardent gueſt,
Thy fervors working in his feeling breaſt,

With kind compaſſion, and with chriſtian pride,
He makes his pleaſures for the poor provide;
Th' apprentic'd orphan riſes on thy plan,
The future citizen, the uſeful man.

In the calm regions of the righteous reſt
Oh, *Colſton!* ſacred name! forever bleſt!
Thou virtuous chief, that mightier deeds haſt done,
Than *Pompey*, *Julius*, or than *Philip*'s ſon;
What breathing ſtatues ſhould thy worth relate,
Or muſe immortal ſnatch thy deeds from fate.
Oh man belov'd! oh parent of the poor!
Thy matchleſs bounty ſhall thy name ſecure:
That ſacred legacy with time ſhall laſt,
Nay ſhine above the ſtars, when time is paſt;
On thankful hearts engrav'd, what thou haſt done,
Shall ſtill deſcend from father down to ſon.
That oral tale ſhall unmix'd truth proclaim,
And let my verſe bear witneſs to thy name;
If worthy thee my numbers ought can give,
If worthy thee, my verſe may hope to live;

By thee long nouriſh'd, let my laurel bloom
With vivid verdure, near thy hallow'd tomb.

WHAT grand magnificence on virtue grows,
What ſquares, what palaces have late aroſe!
How wealth, how taſte in every pile appear,
With ſtill improving grace from year to year;
Lo *Queen*'s, enrich'd by *Ryſbrack*'s *Roman* hand,
See *William*'s finiſh'd form majeſtic ſtand;
His martial form expreſs'd with *Attic* force,
Erect, like *Antonine*'s, his warlike horſe,
With lofty elegance, and *Grecian* Air,
To feaſt the claſſic eye, and fill the ſquare.

NEXT lofty *Somerſet* the muſe demands,
That high ſecreted near St. *Mary*'s ſtands,
A laughing lawn in *Flora*'s flowery gown,
So diſtant from, and yet ſo near the Town,
Whom beauteous buildings regular embrace;
A central baſon ſee thoſe buildings grace;
A proſpect pour abroad its wide delight,
With *Dundry* ever in the gazer's ſight;——

Officious *Dundry* waits you where you will,
'Tis here, 'tis there, and with it waits the hill;
Like *Paul*'s high dome, this tower attracts the eye,
Is ever firſt in view, is ever nigh.
Behold a ſweet expanſe of hill and dale,
A wind-mill whirling o'er the various vale,
With ſilver malls that ſerpentine between
The waving margents of the flowery green;
See beauty's line alternate ſink and ſwell,
See ſweet variety each care diſpel;
There health, and eaſe, and elegance ſhould dwell.

THEE, *Brandon-hill*, *Eliza*'s royal boon,
The muſe ſhall mount at night's ſereneſt noon,
To ſpell the ſtars, and meet the ſoaring moon;
Or mourn the ruins, where a chapel roſe,
That boaſt of reaſon and religion's foes;
Or, wrapt in viſionary trances, view
Cromwell's grim ſhade, and his rebellious crew
Re-acting there, with ſhadowy cannon's roar,
The dreadful part they play'd an age before;

When death ſet out with each deſtructive ball,
Bid *Briſtol* tremble, and her temples fall;
From that black battery on *Brandon* brow,
The mark of miſchief then, and horror now;
Or wak'd by ſoaring larks from that ſad dream,
The mariner's glad voice, the dawning gleam,
Shake off the ſpectres of deluſive night,
Enjoy the breeze, and quaff the morning bright,
And call no more that retroſpect to ſight,
But follow fancy to the lunar ſphere,
Or mix with fairies that inhabit here;
Deep in the boſom of the hill they hide,
Or on the rainbow's radiant circle ride,
Or mount on goſſomers, in troops to play,
Or baſk like butterflies the morning ray;
Oft with their ſhapes they ſhift their inſect ſport,
In *Brandon*'s deep alcove they keep their court,
With concert, maſquerade, and rout, and ball,
Like human fantoms, in th' aerial hall;
The gliding ſhapes, at muſic's ſoft command,
In meaſures move, whilſt echo forms the band,
In ſounds remote from dull made mortal ears,
Reflected from the muſic of the ſpheres;

Aſſemblies, drums, and even cards are there,
With *Tunbridge* toys, with tea, and china-ware,
With eye-brow pruners, dentiſts, thoſe that dance,
The curl-compoſing hand, the finger'd lance,
With fifty operators more from *France*
Are here employ'd by theſe light mimics meek,
They patch the forehead, and they paint the cheek;
The nice nick-nack, the love, the toy-ſhop trade,
And who ſo merry at a maſquerade;
'Till wearied out with folly's whims they reſt,
Or laugh like reaſon, at the toilſome jeſt.
A wardrobe of each faſhion there hath ſtood,
In long array of mantle, hoop and hood,
And all the changing modes ſince *Noah*'s flood;
Which *Time* with moving finger oft hath told,
And made them, like his ſeaſons, new and old.
Kind viſits too they oft exchange at will,
And ſlide from *Brandon* o'er to *Dundry* hill;
Their airy coach the calmeſt gale that ſwells,
They often ſwarm, like bees, about the *Wells*;
The balmy breath of beauty there they ſip,
Like atoms fall on *Lyſaght*'s fragrant lip.

From cheek to cheek, from chin to dimple fly,
Now on the pendant perch, and now the eye;
Now on the ſhape divine, and air they gaze,
Now clap their little wings, and joyful praiſe;
In the gay dance they mingle with the throng,
And on the ſtreams of muſic float along;
Our ſtormy notes their filmy fabrics ſhake,
But bodies of condenſed air they make;
They rob the rainbow and th' etherial lawn,
The plaited clouds that deck the crimſon dawn;
Theſe to ſharp fairy eyes appear from far,
Like the firſt bluſhes of the morning ſtar,
With all the tints that vernal breezes bring,
When nature wakes, and *Flora* leads the ſpring;
To houſhold cares their thoughts they oft apply,
But ſtill on mortals keep a watchful eye;
The ways of men their wiſer thoughts engage,
In regiſters laid up from age to age;
Theſe records deep in adamant are caſt,
As long as *Brandon*, nay the world, ſhall laſt,
They ſtill compare the preſent with the paſt:
To faithful lovers they ſtill lend an ear;
The fairies love, and have their love-plots here,

The pleaſing pangs they oft by turns endure,
Like us they feel 'em, and like us they cure;
Round beauty ſtill with viewleſs wing they fly,
Weigh the young wiſh, and watch the wand'ring eye,
O'er-hear the frangil vow, the whiſper'd league,
With all the movements of the ſoft intrigue;
To virtue ſtill a faithful ſhield they prove,
And in the ſun-beam oft like motes, they move
Unſeen, unheeded by the yielding fair,
As honour's life-guard they do duty there,
When felon *Cupid* and the foe draw nigh,
In fearful ambuſh when his arrows fly,
And honour's on the very point to die:
Their guardian taſk perform'd, they ſilent glide
To *Brandon* back; their ſubtle ſhapes they hide;
On folds of lillies and of roſes lay
Their little heads to reſt, and dream till day;
Or ruſhing rapid like a whirlwind forth,
They drive the dazzling dancers of the north;
Thoſe radiant bands their breath about can blow,
And puff the bright battalions to and fro,
Theſe atmoſpherial files they quick can raiſe,
And fill the welkin with a warlike blaze;

Round *Saturn*'s ring, in frolic dance they play,
Beſtride the comet's tail, and ſweep the milky way;
Through yonder vault, the lightnings flaſh they guide,
Then on the thunder's rapid vollies ride;
They ſhoot the ſtars that glance athwart the night,
Sup in the moon, and ſafe on *Brandon* light.

A THOUSAND rich improvements round me riſe,
And *Briſtol*'s new-born beauties charm my eyes;
There embryon plans to ripe perfection ſwell,
Which time ſhall foſter, and which fame ſhall tell:
How letter'd taſte its progreſs here improves,
Which ſenſe inculcates, and which wiſdom loves:
The dawning mind would drink each claſſic ray,
And pants impatient for a brighter day.
Here ſcience, like the ſun, ſee radiant riſe,
With intellectual beam, through mental ſkies,
To gild, to gladden all th' improving ſpace,
With taſte, with candor, learning, ſenſe, and grace;
To light up all the mind's remoteſt cells,
Where fancy fledges, and where genius dwells;
To bid the ſoul her own rich funds employ,
Increaſe her treaſures, and her wealth enjoy;

On talents and on taſte propitious ſmile,
To the proud muſes rear a pompous pile:
A theatre, that erſt at *Rome* might riſe,
When *Rome* was valiant, and when *Rome* was wiſe,
Where tragic ſcenes ſhall all their pow'r diſplay,
And comedy ſhall laugh our cares away;
Where wit and beauty ſhall with rival rays,
Provoke our wonder, and divide our praiſe:
There *Briſtol* proud, her daughters' charms ſhall ſee;
Their poliſh'd charms the muſes theme ſhall be,
Her florid ſons ſhall ſtand in next degree.
In bright aſſemblies ſee them winding move,
In all the meaſur'd modes of grace and love;
In labyrinths reciprocal they roam,
Whilſt breathir g beauties deck the beauteous dome;
Th' accompliſh'd pile invites with poliſh'd air,
The well-bred letter'd youth, the lovely fair,
With chaſte delight to meet and mingle there;
The youth in every ſtep new talents ſhow,
Whilſt beauty brightens as the graces grow.

HERE health and plenty crown th' adjacent plains,
Whilſt ev'ry human bliſs at *Briſtol* reigns:
Here health and plenty in her preſence ſtand,
Here hoſpitality oft waves the hand,
With ſocial beckon to the genial board,
Where mirth and friendſhip all their joys afford,
And converſe riſes o'er the technic kind,
By wit exalted, and by ſenſe refin'd;
Here muſic, painting, gain alternate ground,
With magic light and ſhade, with magic ſound;
Where manners ſoften, and where humour glows,
Where virtue kindles, and where friendſhip grows;
Here wealth and wiſdom with each other blend,
And ſenſe and taſte in ſocial ſtrife contend:
Here time leads up the rich improving band,
On gradual ſtep to ripe perfection's hand,
Whilſt ruddy commerce crowns her fragrant ſtores,
With ſpicey treaſures from ten thouſand ſhores;
Thy flood-gate's wealth from both the *Indies* flow,
Avona richer than the *Rhine* or *Pô*,
The world's vaſt tribute to thy threſhold brings,
On groaning bottoms, and on golden wings;

Each tide comes pregnant with a precious load,
And wealth at *Briſtol* makes its wiſe abode,
'Till thence ſent ruſhing through *Britannia*'s veins,
She warms *Europa*'s vitals with her gains;
Auguſta ſhakes with her the trading hand,
They ſcatter bleſſings o'er a happy land;
They bid *Britannia* break the tyrant's chain,
Bid freedom flouriſh through the land and main,
And o'er the earth extend great GEORGE's reign.

HAIL happy fountains, hail!—oh, rich run o'er,
With wealth and ſtrength, 'till time ſhall be no more:
Bid *Britain* ſoar, her matchleſs trident rear,
Her glory circle with the circling year;
Bid her high flag o'er nations yet unknown
Triumphant wave, and make the globe her own;
Her freedom, laws from pole to pole prevail,
And juſtice weigh the world in *Britain*'s ſcale!
Let faction fall, let red-ey'd rancour end,
Let diſcord to her native hell deſcend,
And with her drag her black, her bloated train,
Her boſom ſcorpions, and her inbred bane,

With all the ſtings that in the ſoul abide,
With meek hypocriſy, and holy pride:
Let fell corruption lift no more the head,
But, trampled freedom! at thy feet lie dead:
Let peace, let truth, advancing hand in hand,
Let love, let loyalty o'erſpread the land:
The olive high let *England*'s angel bear,
And time bring on her millenary year:
Let ſeraphs in her councils oft preſide,
Her monarch whiſper, and her ſenates guide!
Let Heav'n's own hand be *Britain*'s ſtrong ally;
Let *Europe* tremble when her thunders fly,
'Till nature ſink, and time himſelf ſhall die!

11:7:49

F I N I S.

ODE

TO

SHAKESPEAR,

IN HONOR OF THE

JUBILEE, at STRATFORD.

By the late *HENRY JONES.*

AUTHOR of the EARL of ESSEX, KEW-GARDENS,
ISLE of WIGHT, CLIFTON, *&c.*

ODE

TO

SHAKESPEAR, &c.

OH, for thy own immortal Muſe of Fire!
By GOD, and Nature kindl'd high!
Let thy celeſtial Flame my Soul inſpire!
And lift my Genius to the Sky.

Above all mortal Flight, ſublime to ſoar!
Where GREECE and ROME are ſeen no more!
Where outſpread Nature's utmoſt Bounds are paſt,
Beyond Creation's wide-ſtretch'd Line,
That wond'rous World unreal;—all is thine,
Thy LAUREL there ſhall laſt.

Where HOMER's Fancy never flew,
Beyond the Reach of VIRGIL's View;
Which even mighty MILTON faintly knew:
Tho' next to Thee, unmatch'd he roſe,
On Revelation's Wing:
The Gates of FATE, thy Hand wide throws,
And marſhals up the Phantoms there,

From TARTARUS thoſe Shades you bring,
Thoſe Forms condens'd of painted Air,
With Sentiment, and Language fraught,
No Mortal elſe, but Thee, e'er taught.

Oh, SHAKESPEAR! SON of FAME!
Belov'd of Earth and Heav'n,
BRITANNIA glories in thy envy'd Name,
To Thee, the greeneſt PALM is given,
That Nature's Boſom ever bore;
Such happy GROWTHS She'll yield no more.

On AVON's Banks it grew;
There, ſprung aloft, to EUROPE's wond'ring Eye!
Refreſh'd by Heaven's indulgent Dew,
Without the tardy Aid of labouring Art,
Its Fragrance fills th' expanded Sky,
Elates the raptur'd Soul, and melts the feeling Heart.

Hail, AVON, happy Scene!
For ever Rich, for ever Green;
Where SHAKESPEAR firſt beheld the Light,
The ATTIC Bird that Moment took its Flight,
And left ILLYSSUS Song-reſounding Shore,

To AVON's Banks the Warbler ſprung,
There, from a LAUREL, joyful ſung,
Th' immortal BARD was born,
On that auſpicious, happy Morn,
That over SOPHOCLES ſhould ſoar,
And leave all GREECE and ROME, behind,
As far as PHILOMELA's Song,
Excels the Vulgar, Feather'd Throng;
The firſt of Human Kind.

The MUSES there, their Pinions ſpread,
CASTALIAN Dews around them ſhed,
The GRACES crown his infant Head,
And GENIUS waves his Wing:
Whilſt panting FAME impatient ſprings
To ſound the ſweet prophetic Note:
The Swans of AVON, tow'r on high,
They carrol to the vaulted Sky,
And ſtretch the raptur'd Throat.

The Fairies from the neighbouring Hills,
The deep-wrought Mines, the rifted Rills,
Came dancing all around;
Black Sorcery up tore the Ground,

The Witches waited there,
With all the Dæmons of the Air;
Pale Ghoſts came trooping from the Tomb,
Aſtoniſh'd Nature gave them Room,
She ſaw herſelf out-done,
By her too potent Son.

She ſtarted ſudden from her center'd Rock,
Thro' all her Frame, ſhe felt th' invading Shock.

The Paſſions there embody'd throng,
On mental Pinions, ſwift, and ſtrong,
In Robes array'd of various Fire,
Of hot Reſentment, fierce Deſire;
In Nature's Characters confeſs'd,
In all her ardent Colours dreſs'd,
And crouching for Employment ſtood,
In Scenes of Horror, Love, and Blood.
Ambition too, was there,
That Heaven and Earth, at once would tear,
The Parent of them all;
Which Madmen Glory call.
Their mighty Maſter, at his Birth they knew,
And round his Cradle all their Trophies threw.

There Pity, Fear, and Terror ſtand,
There Jealouſy, with jaundic'd Eye,
That gives the nobleſt Heart the Lye,
And Envy, Child of Hell,
In Expectation dwell;
All panting wait his future, magic Hand,
To give them Work at will;
To tempeſt up the Soul, or make it calm and ſtill.

Nature to him, her Cabinet diſclos'd,
To him her ſecret Wealth expos'd,
Which he alone could ſee;
Now ENGLAND's ROSCIUS keeps the Key,
Unlocks the Treaſures of his inmoſt Soul,
And ſpreads their mutual Praiſe, from Pole to Pole.

F I N I S.